

“ETERNALLY YOURS, JAYNE MANSFIELD”

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(SHYLER sits, cross legged, CENTER STAGE, reading a MOVIE MAGAZINE. He is a young man overwhelmed by his own insignificance, indulged in a world of fantasy. After a moment or two of turning pages and a few chuckles, CLAUDE ENTERS. He sits and next to his friend, and peers over his shoulder at the MAGAZINE. He is the same age and somewhat cute and innocent. He is naive, but willing to learn about life. SHYLER turns a page, miffing CLAUDE)

CLAUDE

Hey, I wasn't finished yet. Go back.

SHYLER

Will you bug off? Go see what Jayne's up to in the living room. Go pester her for a while.

CLAUDE

(Insisting)

Come on, please, just turn the page back. I didn't get a good look at the size of Marilyn's tits.

SHYLER

Since when are you interested in women's breasts? Bug off. Don't you have anything better to do?

CLAUDE

Why are you being so nasty to me? I thought you liked me living here with you and Jayne. You invited me, remember?

SHYLER

Buddy, you're a real pal, believe me, but right now I could use a little privacy--ya dig--no offense, okay?

CLAUDE

(Noticing the male models)

Hey, get a load of those biceps

(Understanding)

Oh, I get it, you need to be alone so you can....

(He giggles)

SHYLER

Don't be so sure of yourself. Sex isn't everything.

CLAUDE

To me it is. It's all I think about.

SHYLER

(Pensive)

You, know, it really bugs me that I can't get away with anything.

CLAUDE

Just what are you talking about? You still messing around with Jayne?

(JAYNE ENTERS)

JAYNE

No one's been messing with me. Hold your tongue, Claude.

CLAUDE

It hurts me to see you with Shyler.

SHYLER

You jealous?

CLAUDE

And why shouldn't I be? She's a beautiful girl.

JAYNE

Thank you, sweetheart.

CLAUDE

I don't like it when guys leer at you...like they're hungry. They don't respect you like I do!

SHYLER

The girl's in show business, dummy. Guys are supposed to look at her like that.

CLAUDE

It disgusts me, I tell you. I especially hate it when you bait her with those promises.

SHYLER

You're much too sensitive. All men, everywhere, bait chicks with promises. It's human nature.

CLAUDE

God made me. He made Jayne. He made you and everything and everyone in the world. But you still disgust me, especially when you hurt her feelings. She's all woman--the most womanly woman in the world. To insult her is to insult the Creator Himself!

SHYLER

(To CLAUDE)

Did I ever tell you, you turn me on?

CLAUDE

Don't pay any attention to him, Jayne. He's definitely a pervert. Seriously...I'm serious, ya know.

SHYLER

(With some amusement, to CLAUDE)

Do you want to hear my poem about Jayne Mansfield?

JAYNE

(Excited)

Oh, Shyler! You've written a poem about me?

SHYLER

Errr...yes...but it really spooks me when you talk like that. I keep telling you she died a long time ago in a terrible car accident.

JAYNE

(Defensively)

And I keep telling you I was born on the day she died!

SHYLER

I know, I know.

(Resigned)

Sorry. Do you want to hear my poem now?

JAYNE

Divoone! Yes, please.

(She sits. SHYLER moves to CENTER STAGE and takes a moment to prepare)

SHYLER

The title of my poem is, "Eternally Yours, Jayne Mansfield".

(He begins)

Jayne Mansfield was a buxom broad / I beheld her boobs and
screamed, my God! / She loved pink hearts and pink Cadillac's /
She preferred men strong as hot lumberjacks /

(JAYNE squeals with delight)

The girl can't help it, the real men cried / Our bones can't resist her,
you know how they've tried / Her nude spread in Playboy created a
stir / Promises, promises, 'How Divoone,' she would purr /

JAYNE

Divoone!

(She squeals and laughs)

SHYLER

Shhh! I'm not finished.

(He continues)

Like a cat hanging-out in fresh pussy-willows / In bed she would lounge between pink fluffy pillows /

(He moves toward her. She is mesmerized)

Her Hollywood home was bright pink in and out / Her polka dots round like her teats firm and stout / Chihuahuas loved snuggling her bosoms so warm / My face ached for it's turn, t'would do them no harm /

(He is caressing her)

Her act was a gem but gave film critics willies / She charmed the pants off us in "Las Vegas Hillbillies!" /

JAYNE

(Quickly, throwing up her arms)

Va, va, va voom!

SHYLER

(Leading her around, slowly, sensually)

Both Griffin and Rayburn could not get enough / They drooled and they sputtered as she strutted her stuff / With a genius IQ she worked without fuss / Her talent, a classic, in "The Wayward Bus" /

JAYNE

(Softly)

I was good in that one, wasn't I?

SHYLER

(He becomes more forceful in his movements with her)

She knew what men wanted and she gave it full throttle / Her career spiraled down and she took to the bottle / "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" her show business start / A substitute jinx would break her pink heart! /

(JAYNE breaks away and gasps)

JAYNE

(Frightened)

That bitch!

SHYLER

(Ridged)

She squealed up three octaves on impact some say /

(JAYNE squeals and screams, covering her eyes)

She sailed straight to Heaven, God lighting the way /

(She slowly collapses on the floor)

Her children behind her and fans were in tears / "Don't worry, she cooed, "I'm forever, my dears" / My children, my fans, Lord, "Kiss Them For Me"....

(She cries softly. SHYLER goes to her and comforts her)

SHYLER

That was beautiful, Jayne...I didn't know you knew the ending. I'm sorry if I've upset you.

JAYNE

(Reflecting)

I love my life. I love who I am and what I stand for.

SHYLER

And what is it you stand for? Enlighten us, Jayne...Miss Mansfield... blind us with your beautiful 'intellect'?

JAYNE

My teats are my intellect, ya boob!

(She squeals up three octaves with delight)

Oooh! I didn't know I had it in me. A woman should always let a man know who's boss.

CLAUDE

Ha! That's telling him, Miss Mansfield.

JAYNE

And don't you start sucking up to me, Claude. I know your type. You'll use all your boyish charm to win my affections, but when it's all said and done, drop me like all the other guys in my life. Men-- I've had it with them!

SHYLER

What is this? A celebrity marionette show? Let's cut the crap. We're not enemies here. We all have dreams. I have dreams. I'd like to be famous here, like Miss Mansfield...for all my accomplishments... my beauty.

CLAUDE

(Disgusted)

Leave her alone. What do you know about people anyway? She has ambition. She's got beauty, sure. Why shouldn't she be popular? You're jealous because you're a nobody.

JAYNE

Shyler doesn't think I'm attractive.

SHYLER

Oh, you're attractive, you're just not my stereotype.

JAYNE

I'll bet you're afraid of me.

(She approaches him)

Do I make you nervous, little man?

SHYLER

Why can't people just be themselves. I'm as much of a man as the next guy. I don't have to stuff my pants to win affection.

CLAUDE

Jayne's one hundred percent woman.

JAYNE

You guys make me really sick. I can't believe you don't want to ravish me with affection. You must be into some deviant lifestyle. No real man can resist me.

SHYLER

(Offended)

No real man would have anything to do with you, bitch. You're a synthetic deviation of your true self. Judge not lest ye be judged.

CLAUDE

Cut the phony quotes, Shyler. I can tell her how I feel myself....

(Thinking)

...Say, wait a minute. You leave my girl alone. I told you I was in love with her. Can't you see how beautiful she is? Are you blind?

JAYNE

I think you boys must be Gay.

SHYLER

Think so, eh? Did you hear about President Bush testing HIV positive? He declared war on toilet seats to combat the spread of the disease.

CLAUDE

I like to use disposable cushion seat protectors.

JAYNE

I thought you two might be Queer.

SHYLER

I bet you didn't know that when Eddie Murphy kissed his own ass, he wound up with band-AIDS on his lips.

JAYNE

You're a lousy comedian.

SHYLER

And you're a female impersonator. Can the act and join the human race.

JAYNE

What have you got against me. I haven't hurt you have I?

CLAUDE

I still love you--guys are just a sideline.

SHYLER

Claude, I think it's time you made up your mind. Do you love Jayne, or me?

CLAUDE

Can't I love you both?

JAYNE

I'll help you make up your minds. Let's all hop into bed and whoever I am unable to seduce successfully is the loser.

SHYLER

The odds are stacked against me. There's no way you can turn me on.

JAYNE

I'm 'stacked' as can be--the Hell with the odds--I think you might be pleasantly surprised.

CLAUDE

What if we both get excited?

JAYNE

Then I win and you both become my love slaves.